

oaks and pears, where I had promised to see a young creature very ill of fever.

Among the trees was a small booth of four poles, roofed with celery stalks, but without sides or ends, and in this, on a sheepskin, was a heap out of which protruded two white wasted arms. I uncovered the back of a head which turned slowly, and revealed, in a setting of masses of heavy shining hair, the white face of a young girl, with large brilliant eyes and very beautiful teeth. Her pulse was fluttering feebly, and I told the crowd that death was very near, for fear they should think I had poisoned her with the few drops of stimulant that she was able to swallow. Even here the death penalty sometimes follows the joy of maternity. She died in the evening, and now nothing remains of the camp but a heap of ashes, for these people always at once leave the camping-ground where a death has occurred.

Meanwhile the Agha was making friends with the people, and giving *krans* to the children, as is his habit. Scarcely had we left when he found that he had been robbed of a fine pair of binocular glasses, almost a necessity under the circumstances. English rifles, binoculars, and watches are all coveted by the Bakhtiaris. *Aziz* Ivhan became very grave, and full of dismal prophecies regarding the remainder of the journey. After this divergence the scenery was magnificent. The Kala Kuh range is certainly finer than the Zard Kuh. It is more broken up into peaks of definite outline, and

is more deeply cut by gorges, many of them
the beds of
torrents, densely wooded. In fact it is less
of a *range*
and more of a *group*. The route lay among
huge steep
mountains of naked rock, cut up by narrow,
deep, and
gigantic clefts, from whose depths rise spires
of rock and
stupendous, almost perpendicular cliffs.
Green torrents
flecked with foam boom through the shadows,
or flash in
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